

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 9.

THE HEART.

The human heart's a wondrous plant that grows
On earthly ground and feeds on Heaven's dew.
A breeze may kill the bloom that from it grew,
And oft the plant grows strong in fiercest blows.
Now it laments and writhes in pains and woes,
Then wildly storms life's pleasures to pursue,
Exults in joy, and flames with love most true,
Or melts in friendship's purer, milder glows.

O heart, where shadows dwell and sunshine plays,
As pure as snow and clear as flowers' bloom,
Thou art a wondrous world with hidden lays
Where joy may slumber 'neath apparent gloom.
One noble heart be wholly ope to me,
Wherein my soul may rest assuredly.

V. A. SCHUETTE, '00.

"THE POET OF NATURE."

IN looking over the collection of authors, that traversed the field of poetry since the first settlement of New England, our attention is necessarily withdrawn from those who appear but dimly in presence of the bright genius of Mr. William Cullen Bryant.

Mr. Bryant, the "father of our song", holds a special degree of eminence. Not alone, as his biographer says, that he was a virtuous man and a patriot in every sense, a journalist linked with service in the past, a clear and vigorous writer and thinker; this he was all: but beyond and including all this, he was a poet and one that does honor to our American literature.

If there be any truth connected with the saying "genius always reveals itself before its possessor reaches manhood," it is perhaps in no case better verified than in the author of the remarkable poem "Thanatopsis," called the beginning of American poetry. This noble example of true "poetic enthusiasm" flowed from the pen of a young man, eighteen years of age.

We find that death has been a subject of meditation with poets of all ages, with Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Calderon, Klopstock, etc. The topic is perhaps not a tempting one, but it lends itself both to an interesting exposition and energetic moral suasion. In the hands of the paraphraser as well as of the poet, it is al-

ways a powerful means to front the ills of mankind.

Bryant's distinction, in employing the contemplation of death as a poetic theme, consists at once in keeping close to the subject by selecting salient circumstances of death. The poem is an example of poetic treasures in our literature, and worthy of a student's minute reflection.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language"

The poet prepares for us a grand and sublime situation to start from—the communion with "nature's visible forms." The word "nature" when used to suggest the collective universe is most powerful, and, as in the present combination "she speaks a various language," the effects are raised to the utmost, referring to our feelings of personality. The poet next is bent upon setting forth the power of nature's voice, with its qualities of dignity, tenderness, "eloquence of beauty," and sympathy that steals away all sharpness.

We are roused to the highest degree of mental anguish by a series of melancholy circumstances. To find an adequate consolation, the author bids us again "go forth, under the open sky," for an emotional outburst.

"Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course."

The effect we experience from these lines is sharp, decisive, and sublime. "All-beholding sun" is an epithet at once appropriate and effective, and we

can conceive nothing more expressive. The idea of the whole is intensified under the poet's second touch—"nor yet in the cold ground . . . shall exist thy image." This prepares us for the highly pitched language in the following lines, which set the stamp of irrevocable doom upon the human element:

"And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shall thou go
To mix for ever with the elements."

To render the thought more explicit, the poet adds another circumstance.

"The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould."
In the succeeding lines the bard finds some feeling of satisfaction at seeing all men subject to the same fate—death:

"Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good . . .
All in one mighty sepulchre."

Each word is a cast of a highly poetic mould, and seems to convey an idea by itself.

"The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between:
The venerable woods . . .
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man."

These lines are in point of poetic expression perhaps without match in the entire poem. The compression is very remarkable, free from obscurity, with choice imagery and perfect harmony. As usual with Mr. Bryant, the choice of words is all that could be wished. He delights to reiter-

ate the highly sublime metaphor "one mighty sepulchre," casting it in different moulds of phraseology. What has been said is likewise applicable to the following lines, which are a mere amplification of the thought conveyed in the preceding lines.

Epithets, such as "the wings of morning, the flight of years", etc., are not uncommon with Bryant. The poet's reflections next again appeal to that feeling, experienced at seeing no barrier for death:

"As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men
The youth in life's fresh spring,
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side."

The simile in these lines can hardly escape any one's notice. It is splendid, apt, and effective, and could not easily be improved. This is equally true of the descriptive and emotional epithets employed, while the melody is always in full keeping with the diction.

In the concluding lines:

"So live, that when the summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan" . . .

he embodies an exhortation how to prepare ourselves for the inevitable hour. The benign aspect of sublimity is well exemplified to the last in different strains.

Yet we feel that a vein of perennial melancholy and pathos pervades the whole, which remains, however, more or less in the shadow of the over-towering sublimity. Some outward clue to the strain of Thanatopsis—the depthless and entrancing sadness in the melancholy cadences,

is given us by a good critic when he says: "It was the first adequate poetic voice of the solemn New England spirit. Moreover, it was without harbinger in our literature, and without trace of the English masters of the hour."

Of blank verse Bryant stands as an acknowledged master in American literature, and he swung himself to the summit at once in "Thanatopsis." This poem alone would establish the author's claim to honors of pre-eminence. But Bryant renewed his flights repeatedly, and successfully in such poems: "To a Waterfowl, Inscription to the Entrance to a Wood, Green River, Hymn to the North Star," etc.

"Thou art gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart."

We are delighted with the poet's skillful taking advantage of the upward flight of the "Waterfowl." He says all that can be said to the effect of our following and losing her as she is swallowed up by the abyss of heaven.

Bryant is justly called the "Wordsworth of America." It is, indeed, in the beauties of nature that his genius finds its prime gratification. His spirit delights in the elements, in the beautiful structure of the starry heavens, in mountain-solitudes of pensive vallies, green meadows, and murmuring rivers. It gleams from the lonely flower, and the "tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning." "The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them and quit our life of solemn trifles."

“Ah! ’twere a lot too blest
For ever in thy colored shades to stray,
Amid the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye.”

The grand truth, which pervades his poetry, is that the beautiful is not confined to the rare, the novel, and the distant, open only to the few—but it lights up from the humblest sphere that surrounds us. “While we read them,” says Burns, “our hearts rejoice in nature’s joys, and in our serene sympathy we love the poet.”

Though critics have limited the range of his poetical conceptions, and think that his thoughts are at times even common-place, there is still his peculiar merit—ability “to clothe the most common thoughts with the most uncommon beauty, to present the greatest things in the fewest words, and to suggest the indescribable and illimitable.”

In his poetry Bryant is always faithful to nature, and in the accuracy of his knowledge of nature’s outward phases, he has outdone all his compeers and followers. He gained a full understanding of the language of nature’s visible form. His ear was attentive to the whispers of the rustling leaves, to the “glad sound of the rivulet,” or the “sweet zephyr.”

Another notable feature, which we observe in reading his poetry, is that he always esteemed piety and faith. “His poetry overflows with natural religion, what Wordsworth calls the religion of the woods.” But in all things he recognized an all-creating Author and caring Providence.

In depth of moral reflection the thoughts of Bryant must ever be pre-eminent. The ethics of

the ancients with many valuable moral instructions are sometimes brought before us in his poetry.

In view of all this it becomes easy to fix the proper rank of Bryant among our poets. While in his poetry we do not always discover the harmony which delights a musical ear, we are fully compensated by an energy of expression, a lofty style, and elegance of diction. The majesty of his verse is in conformity with the thoughts expressed. His measures flow like the slow and solemn progress of a mighty river, rather than the graceful gliding of a stream. "He seldom touched the keys, yet they gave out an organ-tone."

ERNEST HEFELE, '01.

A ROUNDEL.

Who would delight to read in Future's pages
Where dark uncertain letters meet the eye?
Who would with shadows play, on doubt rely,
When laurels wink and prospect him engages?

In joy and pleasure, asking trivial wages,
Before whose smile and play all troubles fly,
Who would delight to read in Future's pages
Where dark, uncertain letters meet the eye?

The humble flower may teach as well as sages;
And nightingales, though oft they breathe a sigh,
Sing not while roses bloom their last good-bye.
When peace the breast pervades, the heart assuages,
Who would delight to read in Future's pages?

P. A. KANNEY, '00.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE AND ITS ENVIRONMENTS.

“Art is a confession,” says a learned Jesuit. This, indeed, it is and an effective, an extensive means of confession. If art, especially poetry, were nothing but a mere form it would be foolish labor to seek in its perfection the final aim and purpose. Art is estimated by the greatness, depth, and richness of ideas it represents. Nature, love, and patriotism are, undoubtedly, worthy objects for artistic representation. But who will deny that the greatest and most universally interesting ideas are to be found in religion?

If we then judge art by its representation of ideas it is obvious that we can lay claims to Catholic literature, as well as to Catholic architecture, painting, and music. Now, however, the difficulty arises where to draw the exact limits, for often longing and love find expression in the heart of a non-Catholic, that equally well could have been felt by a loyal soul. We need but recall Scott, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Schiller, and even Goethe to be convinced that non-Catholics made it even a point to copy the highly poetical characteristics from Catholic faith.

Judging very strictly we can acknowledge only such works as are accomplished by Catholic writers, written for Catholic readers, and works rooted in correct Catholic judgment and that bring out Catholic ideas. In case of indifferent sub-

ject matter or if the author is of doubtful profession we cannot call it Catholic literature.

Applying such strict demands to our men of letters we must almost fear that Catholic literature will have very few advocates. But we possess great works, that not only satisfy the scholar of art, but that likewise fill the soul with healthy thoughts. There is the "Divina Commedia", which in grandeur and depth stands supreme of all literary achievements; there is Calderon, a noble and pious soul; there is also Shakespeare, who stands on Catholic grounds and works upon Catholic principles. These form a great Triumvirate, strong enough to challenge the whole host of unprincipled and poison-distributing writers.

Many of our literary men are ranked too high. Men idolize them without searching the numerous hidden, obscure meanings in their writing, or how they substitute art and knowledge for religion. Goethe, Tennyson, Shelley, Scott must greatly fall in our estimate if we judge from a strictly Catholic standpoint. Their pre-eminence in language, style, poesy, and refinement cannot be ignored; their open and concealed hatred of Catholic belief, however, this one-sided culture of the beautiful at the expense of religion and morality, deprives their works of great splendor and their name of glory.

The pantheism of Goethe, Kantian estheticism of Schiller, cannot satisfy by its merely harmless joy. For as soon as these beautiful forms are recognized to be devoid of inner truth, dissonances are created and multiplied; and such

disharmony cannot span the wide chasm by the author's declaring that art is merely a pleasant and beautiful play, and life itself only an esthetic process of culture.

How could a soul, God's likeness, drink its fill in worldly, sensual delights and perishable beauty! Goethe sought satisfaction in entire abandonment to pleasure and the desires of his sensitive nature; Wordsworth threw himself into the arms of Nature; Byron thought to find peace in travels and adventures, whence his beautiful oriental phantasies. Russian writers enter real life among the Cossaks in the wilderness of the Caucasus, which is itself bewitching poetry, but the miserable state of the inhabitants abstracts from its worth. Writers study life, to depict it most faithfully for the craving novel and romance readers. Indeed, men as Turgenev, Dostojewski, and Tolstoi have published valuable romances; yet, the soul remains always a mystery to them, which they understand either imperfectly or incorrectly. George Sand, Dumas, Zola, Ibsen, etc., are but other Rousseaus and Voltaires, who find admiration and slavish imitation abroad.

We cannot set our Catholic authors aside these men, if literary merit alone is to decide their greatness. It is true, we have no Catholic Scott or Thackeray or Tennyson. Though comparatively few poets drew inspirations from the purest sources of Christianity and diffused around them the perfume of Catholic ideas, yet, we have a very creditable array of sturdy defenders of the one true belief.

Miss Adelaide Procter did not disguise her Catholic faith, but unaffectedly made her verse echo the sentiments of piety which animated her life. D. McCarthy is known not only to Catholics for his sincerity, but he has become the favorite of all students of literature by his graceful ballads and lyrical poems. Rosetti, Patmore, Marshall, Allies, Aubrey De Vere, etc., deserve well the appreciation received from the public.

The nineteenth century has witnessed a considerable change in literature. Tennyson, Wordsworth, and many writers of psychological novels have exerted a vast influence upon minor authors and the reading world. After the death of Thackeray literature changed entirely in its nature. Before that time poetry, romance, novels, and history were in a flourishing state; Tennyson, Lytton, Carlyle, Macaulay had given us all what was best of their works. With the year 1863 the new movement began. Poetry and romance were to be substituted by science and politics. The revolutionary theory and social philosophy reacted with powerful influence on general literature.

Philosophy, science, and poetry are, however, not likely to become the best friends. Strong Catholic authors, who could make literary life a special calling, were needed. Cardinal Wiseman, Newman, and Father Faber showed, indeed, their strength and solicitude, but they had more urgent duties to perform. Yet, these prelates form a complete library of their own, satisfying every taste; they bridge the chasm between the purely

worldly and the deeply religious. These noble minds, once the rising hope of Protestant England, bearing the laurels of poetry on their yet youthful brows, courted by God Himself, and struggling long for the true faith, stand as strong head-lights of Christianity, though England clamored less for them after their conversion than before.

Non-Catholic poets have proclaimed "that Nature is their goddess" and that "Christian belief is humbuggery and illusion." How do their works agree with this assertion? None, indeed, has written as Job, David, St. John, or St. Paul; none composed a "Divina Comedia," or gave us soul-paintings as Skakespeare: but Keats has his "Ode to a Nightingale," Shelley his "Adonais," Tennyson his "In Memoriam," Scott and Wordsworth are on the lips of Catholics. Nobler feelings of the soul suggested such thoughts; the longing for a better state found expression, despite their own professed belief.

Catholic literature in America has ever been on the ascent. Many of its advocates have given such evidence of genuine worth as to be sure of enrolment in the Parnassian registry. Others have composed charming verse, but their vocation demanded different work from them. Nor do we look for masterpieces that breathe the thoroughness of veteran schools. Though Catholic literature has gained a fairly rooted foothold, one feature is most striking, that the lights, which are to illumine the field of art, are, with no small majority, women. We have, indeed, a George

Eliot and a Mrs. Browning, but they were more an uncommon exception than anything else.

May then, with such prospects, our poets trust their calling? Archbishop Hughes, the most conspicuous figure that graces Catholic American literature, has influenced men of all denominations. Brother Azarias and Bishop Spalding followed faithfully in his footprints. Thomas McGee and Henry Miles combined truly Catholic feeling with literary beauty and power. Father Ryan, the Poet-Priest, struck the purest tone in poetry, but neglected a complete finish. His creations and those of Francis Egan stand as strong rivals against any sectarian's.

It seems, however, that too much poetry is written to order and demand, which crowds out more earnest and lasting work. It is almost certain, too, that in the world of novelists the ring of the lyre will soon sound again with fire and truth, for the public must at last have their fill of stories. Can the poet, and such, undoubtedly, our country brings forth, smother the flame in his breast and prevent its outburst? Can he labor under its constant pressure, till it dies with himself? Should our literature not rise simultaneously, as the country is advancing in political, social, and industrial departments? The future, perhaps, holds a happy yes.

Germany possesses not only great Catholic writers, but the first golden period of its literature was absolutely Catholic. A truly Christian spirit penetrated and warmed the masters of that era. The second golden period, with Goethe and Schiller

as leaders, was of a different nature. Goethe, indeed, said that poetry cannot lead men, it is merely to accompany them; but he himself did not observe this principle. Everything that could possibly be clothed in poetical beauty was allowed; there was no morality; Christ was denied and Christianity degraded to mere humanitarianism; the ancient gods and nature were again adored. If a beautiful form were the highest in art and life, then Goethe were undoubtedly the Prince of German culture. Art and life, however, demand more. They need, as soul of a beautiful form, truth and morality.

Happily Germany has a Catholic literature as great as the schools of Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller. We need but call to mind the names of C. Bretano, J. v. Eichendorff, O. v. Redwitz, F. Muth, Guido Goerres, L. Brill, F. Weber, E. Eggert, H. Kreiten, Luise Hensel, Annette v. Droste-Hulshoff, and a number of other writers, who will give a better culture than Goethe and Schiller.

Among the living authors Dr. F. Helle is certainly the foremost. I venture to call him the Milton of Germany and even greater than he. But the wonderful chords Helle strikes in his "Jesus Messias," and "Die Schoepfung," find few attentive ears. It was not always thus. When Klopstock published the first cantos of his "Messiade" the whole nation listened to these strains as if they were poetic revelations. Modern literature, however, tends to divert man from the eternal. The misty vapors, hanging over the lowlands, raises their breast higher than the pure streams,

floating about the mountain-summit.

“Weltenmorgen,” a religious dramatic poem by Hlatky, is a book of lasting worth, though it is the poet’s first song. “Weltenmorgen” is not written for all, for as long as readers cannot busy themselves with higher things than a plot in romances or the obstacles in allowed and immoral love-stories, a song as “Weltenmorgen” will never please them. The literary merit, however, is so great that every educated mind, that delights in deep religious poetry, such as is the highest and and most dangerous to enter upon, will enjoy this book, as he is pleased with Milton’s “Paradise Lost.” Here, and more so in Helle’s works we find that the *splendor veri* is real beauty.

Catholic literature, then, is rich enough to satisfy all the demands of a scholar. The Catholic poet stands less under the influence of his time than sectarians, whose works, though great in mere artistic form, embody false and low representations, or teach principles of humanitarianism, indifferentism, idealism, etc.

If it stands thus with religion where can we look for morality? Religion and morality must go hand in hand through life. But most poets build on the sentence that “all that is pleasing is morally good.” Here lies the snare: the poet heats first the imagination and sings youth into sweet dreams; he raises them above reality, and while revelling in apparent good and beauty, causes them to forget the more earnest calling of life. Indeed, many a youth is roughly roused from his reveries and finds bitter disappointments.

The more resplendent the poet's nimbus the nearer the danger, especially if youth is early taught to revere these demi-gods, and too late do they understand that the school of religion is the only true one.

While we do not exclude non-Catholic authors from our library, their books can never be the select flowers from which our soul may sip the honey of truth, lest by drawing up poison also it should bring about its own slow death. We acknowledge their literary pre-eminence, if such is the case, but falsehood and deceit cannot conquer truth and religion.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

REVERIES.

In silent groves, I love to rest
When spring breathes perfumes o'er the leas.
A passing glow still gilds the west,
And all is still, save through the trees
The zephyrs softly whisper long
Their ev'ning prayer and a song.
And all the little leaves reply
And prayer fills sweet nature's dome.
I watch the swallows homeward fly,
And twitt'ring songsters seek their home;
The hooting owl, it shuns the day,
Comes forth to seize its nightly prey.
And o'er the lonely distant glades,
Whence plaintive notes to me are borne,
Steal onward deeper, darker shades;
My heart grows lonely and forlorn
A dearest brother here I miss,—
Rests he secure in Heaven's bliss?

But darker still it grows around,
A deeper calm on nature rests,
No worldly din, no human sound
Disturbs my longing, peace—sweet guests.
Though darkness hides them from my eyes
The flowers' freshest perfumes rise.

They lull me in my reverie
To sweetest dreams; and at my side
Again he stood, conversed with me,
For whom I always longed and sighed;
He seemed more joyous, full of mirth,
A happy child of heav'nly birth.

And all my petty wrongs he knew,
My sorrows, tears shed at his death,
My gladness, joys—since then how few,
For one we lived till his last breath:
With him I thought my life had fled;
I lived, my thoughts were with the dead.

But from his lips flowed sacred balm,
To my sad heart 'twas doubly dear:
A brother brought an angel's calm,
An angel wept a brother's tear,
A friend who sings at God's own throne
In friendship lists a mortal's moan.

And peace remains, though he is gone;
The flowers' perfumes still ascend;
The breezes lisp their prayers on;
And stars above earth's peace portend:
For soon I rest with him who came
My roaming heart's desire to tame.

P. A. KANNEY, '00.

LATTER DATE POETRY.

We have often seen it stated that the age of electricity, of science, and progress, cannot produce a poet, not only not equal to our master-poets, but inferior even to the great number of singers whom the student of literature associates with the names of Dryden and Pope. The arguments, on which these assertions are based, are variously stated, but they all hinge on this one fact—the predominant inclination of our day to the useful and the sensational. It is maintained that our sense for the sublime and the beautiful is speedily being drowned in the hum of the factory, the rush for wealth and distinction, the demoralizing influence of cheap and sordid literature, and the materialistic tendency of the age. The supporters of this opinion, furthermore, urge that the writer must have due regard for public taste, and that themes of common interest are devoid of every poetical conception. Then, to make their point all the surer, they ask their readers to fancy *electricity* rhymed with *eternity*, to imagine the victor of an automobile or bicycle-race celebrated in verse, or to behold the inextricable maze of strange and unpoetic words and phrases if the description of a modern naval battle were attempted in measures and feet.—In this strain volumes have been written on the future of poetry; some paint it as utterly hopeless, others take a more encouraging view of it, but all agree in perceiving a sad

degeneration in the poetry of the last decade of the XIX. century.

This is, indeed, a strange state of affairs. In the first place, it is conceded that we are making strides in every direction and then, by some inexplicable process, the formulated proposition is intimated, that, as we better our social conditions, as we advance in culture, and as knowledge becomes more widely diffused, so in proportion one of the noblest powers of man, the gift of song, is stunned. But does it not seem more reasonable to say that the thriftier and the more educated a people becomes, the higher it will place its ideals and the more liberally the beautiful arts will be fostered? Again, is it less reasonable to say that the larger the horizon of knowledge becomes, the wider the limits within which critics would have poets move will be extended? From this it would appear that poetry has more prolific sources today than ever before and, arguing from the same point of view, it has a brighter future now than it ever had. However, a mere glance over the last ten years tells us that, in spite of progress and improvements on every side, neither British nor American literature can now boast of a really eminent poet. No men have as yet risen to take the places of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes. A few have made a meteor-like appearance, but no one has so far succeeded in gaining a permanent hold upon the masses. Hence we must conclude that the much praised progress of the age is not of genuine character, or we must look somewhere else for the source of the

lamented evil. We will hardly meet with obstinate opposition when we say we are inclined to believe the first. But admitting even a great lack of genuine culture and accurate scholarship, we would, nevertheless, not devolve the whole of our complaint upon this want, nor would we hold the infusion of the modern into poetry responsible to the degree to which it is often held. Tennyson, for instance, introduced modern ideas freely into the "Princess" and even used the word *electricity*, and still no one questions Tennyson's poetical genius. On the contrary, the ablest critics have strenuously defended his innovations, one of them substantiating his view by this very striking simile: "Poets, like birds, may go where they find an atmosphere wherein they can move their wings." Campbell, too, considered the modern battle a fit subject of poetry:—witness his poems on the battles of Trafalgar and Hohenlinden and his references to the struggles of Poland in the "Pleasures of Hope." Our own Whittier did not find the "themes of common interest devoid of all poetical conception." His "Songs of Labor" were most enthusiastically received and even this day historians do not fail to appreciate his support to the cause of humanity by his eloquent anti-slavery poems. These examples could be multiplied ad infinitum, but let these few suffice to show that neither the infusion of the modern, nor the treatment of the common themes is the cause of the alleged decay of poetry. Those who nevertheless hold this opinion evidently fail to distinguish between the poet and the rhymster, between prose and poetics. They seem

to think the poet, like the historian, is bound to cold facts and hence they allow him no space for invention, for imagery—for a poetic treatment of his theme.

As to the remaining causes given above, they must bear a part of the blame, but certainly not the greatest. The real difficulty lies elsewhere, as we shall presently show.

Today the country is flooded with countless stale and insipid verses and it would be difficult to find one in a thousand who has not "tried his hand at poetry." It is no uncommon thing to read in a preface to a collection of poems that the author is no gifted poet, that he is well aware of the imperfections and shortcomings of the work and that he decided to have it published only to satisfy the most earnest solicitations of his numerous friends. Venal critics and avaricious publishers then unite to hail these mere rhymsters as Shakespeares and Miltons and vie with one another to assign them the highest place of honor in Westminster Abbey. Seeing all this we cannot otherwise than conclude that the sad condition of the poetry of today is not due to the progress of the age, but to a lamentable lack of conservative and judicious criticism and to what is known in the commercial world as overproduction. If three-fourths of those who are now engaged in writing what they are pleased to call poetry, would forever cease their scribbling, if a Pope would write another "Dunciad," if a Samuel Johnson would be appointed literary dictator for only two years, or a Goethe and Schiller undertake to write some of those irresistible Xen-

ien, we should soon be spared the doleful wailing about the deterioration of poetry.

There are yet two circumstances which must be taken into account in the present treatise. Emerson and Lowell exhort the public not to read a book before it has been in print for ten years. While we think these gentlemen would have disliked it very much if their productions had received such tardy acknowledgement, their advise is, nevertheless, a wholesome one. When enthusiasm has died away, when the "booming" by the interested publisher has ceased, and when the intrinsic merit of the book is its only herald, then only can we begin to speculate on the future of the work. No doubt, some of the poets of this decade will find an honorable place in literature, but who of us can now, with any degree of certainty, say who they will be? Time alone will reveal the gems that glistened not for our eyes; time alone will discover the flowers, that "wasted their sweetness on the desert air."

We must yet call to mind that only few have attained the highest in poetry and that these few were often removed by centuries. Can we, in view of this fact, justly assert that the art of poetry is declining, because our age has not produced a Homer, a Shakespeare, a Dante, a Goethe? Certainly not. The age does not make the poet and until the world is again blessed with a genius like these, we must make the best of what lesser lights may offer.

T. T. SAURER, '00.

ECHOES IN THE WOODS.

O welcome woods! A peaceful home:
The rivulet in joyous play
Its ripples throws in this wide dome;
And flowers nod, intent to say,
"Desist to break an op'ning bud,
My God I serve in sunshine's flood."

And sunshine, ent'ring through the trees
On velvet moss holds merry sport.
A house of peace and pleasant ease,
For noble hearts the best resort;
Where God to our soul doth speak,
But we, to grasp Him, are too weak.

The beautiful attracts my soul,
Though distant sounds of worldly noise
Disturb the mind bent on its goal,
And mar the purest, noblest joys.
Yet, God's own breath pervades my breast
And gives contentment, long sought rest.

O woods, you are a faithful friend!
My troubles, woes—I told them all;
And calmer gentler words you send
That on my heart like balsam fall.
With confidence I turn to thee
For thou hast e'er a heart for me.

The woods, a book of nature's lore,
That widely ope before me lies,
I'll read and study ever more;
In nature's school we shall grow wise.
The letters writ on leaf and flower
Reveal God's wisdom, love, and power.

A. H. GEHRKE.

OUR POET-PRIEST.

IT is often more pleasant to wander through pathless fields in search of some simple hidden blossoms, that escape the eye of an ordinary observer, than to admire with the crowd the more cultivated and highly praised flowers. A similar likeness is found in the field of literature. While Longfellow, Bryant, and Lowell may occupy the first ranks in our general American literature, there is a poet in our midst who attained perhaps less popularity, than any of the above mentioned, but who has a rightful claim to the gratitude of all lovers of poetry in this country, Catholics as well as non-Catholics. This man is Father Abram J. Ryan, the Poet-Priest.

If it was not in the poet's power to send his verses around the world, he has found, at least, a sympathetic hearing at home, and more than anywhere else in the sunny land of the South and in the hearts of the American Catholics. Although his diction may at times hamper the flow of his thoughts, yet there is a balancing gain in substance, a compensation that will successfully plead in his behalf. The poetical idea is very seldom absent. Had Father Ryan drawn his inspirations directly from the world, many critics would leave the lesser elegancies of language unquestioned in view of his quiet earnestness and glow of vehemence and feeling.

Moral beauties excel all others. Noble sen-

timents constantly brought before our mind will certainly excite the heart to the practise of virtue. This tendency is, indeed, one of Father Ryan's strongholds, and after a careful perusal, one will understand that his poetry is deserving of more studious attention and longer consideration than it has hitherto received.

Whilst we do not find the easy and stately diction of Tennyson, Wordsworth, or Scott, we meet with a deep and proud patriotism and the inexhaustible truths of the Catholic Church. He imbibed his thoughts from the very fountain of all true poetry, but his first object and ambition did not allow him that leisure so necessary to apply the finishing touches to any work of art. But few pages are unmarred by some blemishes. A year or two, however, of careful and patient revisions would have greatly enhanced their beauty. Considering, furthermore, that his object in writing poetry was mainly to voice the sentiments of the South, to recommend to all souls the utility and worth of the present time, to warn them of the future, and to inspire them with thoughts that elevate mind and heart beyond the terrestrial confines to the heavenly abodes above, he has eminently succeeded.

Father Ryan came as near to being a national spokesman in verse as any compatriot of that generation. The hesitating belief in the future of one's country has always given rise to many great literary productions and poetical effusions. His poetry is the history of the woes and trials during that great revolution, the Civil War. Was it like-

ly that the South should have been entirely barren, unimaginative, without any of its sacred bards during that unsuccessful struggle? His heart beat at all times in sympathy with her hopes and aspirations. He clearly demonstrates the change that took place in the fortunes, sentiments and occupations, character and mode of living in that trying period. In its broader outlines, even his personal history would be illustrative of the time. He grieved with the people at their final overthrow. In the career of General Robert Lee, he beholds the most typical American representing the struggling South. Everybody remembers the heart-stirring strains on the "Sword of Lee." Some other time, he puts into the mouth of the sentinel:

"Ah! Muse, you dare not claim
A nobler man than he,
Nor nobler man hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor fame—another Lee."

In all human affairs, he acknowledges the direction of divine Providence. But it is with an intermingled sense of sadness and pride that he concludes the song on the "Sword of Lee":

"'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of one noble slain
Defeated yet without a stain.
Proudly and peacefully."

But the poet lends himself alike to all impressions, religious as well as patriotic. When wandering at eve by some fairy stream or fountain, he drank of the spirit of the universe, but his best

inspiration he received from religion. His heart was strongly touched and enlivened all emotions, like the gong of the bell rends the quiet evening air. Let us raise the curtain and unlock the treasury of the "Song of the Mystic".

"But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my perfume, like a perfume from Censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day."

These are thoughts worthy of the subject and sufficiently strong to impress the reader. They are expressive of our own sentiments, and record our own experiences.

As true devotion to the Church is always accompanied with a tender love for the Mother of God, Father Ryan has in several instances given vent to the yearnings of his burning love. We cite only one passage which embodies the germ:

"Sweet blessed beads! I would not part
With one of you for the richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem;
Ye know the history of my heart."

It is rather remarkable, that in the first part of nearly all his poems a tender melancholy prevails, whilst towards the end hope and delight refresh the heart. We see the stern realities of life, the work that must be done, and the strenuous efforts necessary to reach the goal of ambition. Some men desire position, others wealth. For these the poet has no answer. He discards from his mind as useless and vain whatever does not forward the main object of life. But he takes care to blend the sad reflections with the thought of God's goodness. If it does not always soothe the

ear, it certainly makes an impression on the heart. To those of a more spiritual nature, that ask for the object of all their doings and strivings, he responds:

“Lonely hearts! lonely hearts! this is but a land of grief;
Ye are pining for repose—ye are longing for relief:
What the world hath never given, kneel and ask of God
 above,
And your grief shall turn to gladness, if you lean upon
 his love.
Lonely hearts! God is Love.”

Also among his smaller poems, there are many bursts of pathos and fancy, fully equal to what we might expect from him. Although, he did not write poetry to seek fame, nevertheless, fame and glory followed everywhere his footprints. There is vivid and happy imagery in a very conventional strain of the following passage, though the verification of the last three lines is not likely to be fulfilled in the near future:

“I go and death shall veil my face,
The feet of the year shall fast efface
My very name, and every trace
I have on earth.”

A critically acute eye must soon recognize that Father Ryan thought but little of the literary merit and perfection of his poems. Modesty, the best guide to success and unconscious greatness, was always a marked trait of his character, the motive and power of his action. In his own estimation he appears only as a very humble, undeserving aspirant to the laurels of poetry. Yet, he was never gloomy, as Allen Poe; nor despondent at the thought of oblivion or of not reaching the goal,

as was Keats. Bearing only noble qualities, Father Ryan's poems have enriched our American literature to a great extent; they have become the inheritance of a grateful people, and as such they will grow brighter, for time will prove their genuine worth.

The poet, undoubtedly, possessed a deep and rich imaginative power. His verses are full of useful thoughts und reflections and in their fullest sense "true to tone and nature." Father Ryan has not sunk below the horizon of fame, on the contrary, he is more loved, better known, and more extensively read at present than during his life-time. It is the simple grandeur of his verses the rare and chaste beauty, the richness and loftiness of his thoughts that imprint his poems with the stamp of immortality, and that claim an honorary place for their author in the register of poets.

Hubert Seiferle, '01.

BANEFUL SEEDS.

The rip'ning fruit oft nourishes a foe
That stills its appetite e'en on the heart;
An op'ning rose-bud bears the deadly seeds
That cause the flowers decay in deepest glow:
The breast once pierced by falsehood's cruel dart
Receives a poisonous wound that often bleeds,
And from this blood distrust and hatred grow.

A. H. G.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	1.00
Single copies.....	.10

✎ It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

THE STAFF.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00, EDITOR.

THEODORE T. SAURER, '00, EXCHANGE EDITOR.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

I. RAPP, '00.

P. KANNEY, '00.

H. SEIFERLE, '01.

T. KRAMER, '01.

C. MOHR, '01.

D. NEUSCHWANGER, '01.

E. HEFELE, '01.

W. ARNOLD, '02.

J. MUTCH, '02.

J. WESSEL, '03.

EDITORIALS.

Our graduates, who have just absolved their final examination, are living hours of triumph and expectation. Of triumph, because examinations were highly satisfactory; and of expectation, because they are yet uncertain who will be so happy as to receive a medal. Though competition was not as close as last year, yet, it was an interesting one.

The last days of the scholastic year are certainly not the easiest, for examination stares at the student with a stern face. "Is there any peace in ever climbing up the climbing wave?" asks the poet. College life is, indeed, a successive passing from one wave to another and always deeper into the sea of learning. Many may lose their route and perish on the way, but an able and experienced pilot bears the same assurance of safety on mid-ocean as in the harbor. If one is aware of his inability, examination is justly dreaded as the cliff that will wreck the ship; if we, however, did our duty, then the closing day will be one of triumph and satisfaction.

"Love thy duty, strongly woo it,
Love will give thee strength to do it."

Whoever uttered these lines escaped my mind. At all events, the thought is old; perhaps already Adam conceived it. But I love the author for setting this weighty truth in so beautiful a frame. There is no power actuating human faculties to such an extent as love, for even the most difficult tasks grow light on the scale of love. Why do we work with greater facility when we have most to do? It is not the call of necessity alone that urges work to a speedy completion. Interest, though ever so little, spurs the will to a more ready compliance than the mere thought of duty. Not only are "love and liking the solace of life," but they are the soul of everything we do. A sentence, a composition, or a poem, written without sympathy cannot stir the emotion of the reader. The more,

our feeling agrees with that of the author, the stronger our love grows for the person, the more will we appreciate his works and the better will we understand them.

One thing is peculiarly strange in life that the good, as a rule, encounters opposition wherever it appears. This tendency was prevalent since the perversion of human nature. In the old law the Jewish people, though the elect of God, was assailed from all sides; in the new testament the church of Christ has ever been an object of persecution and calumny. Men deprive her children of their just rights.

Though religion is no factor in politics, at least it ought not to be considered as such, yet the Catholic citizen has ever labored under disadvantages and prejudice from without, of which professors of other denominations are free. Man, however, ought to be judged by his merits only, and a Catholic is equally justified to hold any office if his abilities come up to the demands. But why are Catholics set back? Is their loyalty doubted, or their trust not grounded? Misrepresentation and hatred crush many a rising aspirant, who stands a worthy and successful rival to any antagonist. Indeed, "the world is an unweeded garden grown to seed."

Prizes and medals, if distributed with well-seasoned discretion, are a great aid to students. There are also dangers connected with it, such as arise from jealousy, ill feeling, fraud, etc; but these cannot outweigh the advantages resulting

from this practise. A young man is naturally actuated by strong emulation and ambition. But even emulation may gradually slacken into indifference if some incitement is not continually before the student's eye.

The thought to merit some mark of distinction will be a greater incentive than all words and watchings of prefects and professors. How often have not rules, petty rules enforced with the greatest vigor, changed open characters into deceitful scoundrels! The fault lies not with the rules; prizes bear the same pernicious fruit in many cases.—By steady labor and exertion of every power the foundation for life will be laid and a strong character, confiding in its own self, will be formed. A medal satisfies more than words of praise, as it is a lasting mark of virtue. It is a great reward after days of strenuous efforts. How proudly does the breast heave when the glittering mark of merit dangles on the coat! *Success to our graduates!*

The knowledge of many languages has great advantages for a scholar. Not pride to be versed in Latin, Greek, French, or German ought to urge us to their study but wealth and beauty of thought must entice us. It is true, we can study almost any foreign work in the vernacular, but such a study excludes those beauties and ideas which can only be perceived in the original. That the original is more beautiful and suggestive than even the best translation will hardly be called in question. Who would guarantee to render Latin, Greek, or German in its full and exact meaning?

Idiomatic usages will not suffer translation except a forced one or by circumscription and this evidently is impairing it. Comparison of two languages is a good means of perfecting taste and an easy way of judging others' modes of thought and feeling. Besides, circumstances of our time and especially of our country make the knowledge of different living languages almost indispensable.

In studying authors there exist as many drawbacks as there are different tastes and dispositions. Every writer has some good qualities, though the work or the man may not be congenial to our nature. No poet or novelist will prove a pleasant study unless we free our mind from prejudice or set aside personality. If we, however, cherish a love for his characters, sympathize with them, we must see the persons as the author conceived them, and they will please us as they pleased him. Formality and art enter more freely into literary work at present than during preceding ages and well might we exclaim with Shakespeare, "Give me more matter with less art."

Such a demand would be harsh when all matter is exhausted, when every topic has been recast a hundred times. If originality was the stronghold of ancient writers it is knack and versatility that carry the palm at the present day. A considerate mind will but rarely find serious obstacles; a wavering will, however, encounters difficulties even where there are none. Our intellect must be conscious of itself; only then can method for each member to perform its functions be established.

EXCHANGES.

The *Mountaineer* is one of our casual visitors and the kind friends of the mountain must pardon us if they have not received due recognition. It is impossible to pass upon the general merit of a paper by reading a single issue. The March number which strayed to our table is nicely gotten up, but contains only one original composition by student-contributors. The editorials of this number are inferior to none of our exchanges; the ex-column, however, is a little diffuse.—

The May number of the *St. Mary's Record* made its appearance, brimful of interesting and beautiful things. The initial poem is an exquisite composition, and since the editorial writer of the *Record* is inclined to "poke fun" at the Spring poets, we congratulate the author of this poem on her heroic perseverance in the face of the editor's apathy to Spring-poetry. The writer of "Catholic Poetry of America," by numerous quotations from our foremost authors, very effectively demonstrates that religion is one of the richest sources of poetic inspiration. Though this is now almost universally admitted it is significant to notice that few, if any, of the writers who have adorned their poems with essentially Catholic principles and practices, have not received their well merited recognition.—"My Childhood" of the same number is especially commendable for the versatility and charm with which the simple events of early life are related.—

Some time ago an exchange asked "what is

the matter with our High Schools?" Well we never "took much stock" in High Schools, but what is the matter with our Parochial Schools? One of our monthly visitors, the *Santa Maria*, hails from one of these latter, and we are proud to say that this little journal compares favorably with some of our College and Academy exchanges. We sincerely hope the *Santa Maria* will soon find numerous followers among the Parochial Schools.

The *St. John's University Record* for the month of May contains several masterly articles. "Memorial Day" is a well written oration and although this same theme is rehearsed year after year in thousands of places, the writer succeeded admirably in presenting it in an engaging manner. The best contribution to this number, in fact the best article of the month, is the essay on "The Magazine." After a short introduction and an historical review of the principal magazines of the country, the author divides them into two classes—the harmless and the hurtful. He justly asserts that the great bulk of our magazines belong to the latter class, and then continues to point out their evil influence, both on the reader and the writer. As to the harmless magazines we are warned not to place them into the hands of the untutored, or to follow them implicitly.

"Our Public Schools" is hardly a less timely and able article. The *Record* deserves the highest praise for its great interest in these vital questions.

We regret that the *Agnetian Monthly* failed to make its appearance during the last three months.

BOOK REVIEWS.

“The Heiress of Cronenstein.”—The prime necessity of a genuine Catholic literature, especially in the line of fiction, is daily felt more and more. To counteract the baneful influence of non-Catholic works, volumes written in a true Catholic spirit must be brought forth. “The Heiress of Cronenstein,” adapted from the German, by Mary H. Allies, is an addition to this list. Most of the characters hail from the glorious regions of the romantic Rhine. The descriptive part of the book is tastefully executed. Interest is sustained throughout the novel. Florestine, the heroine, is a noble character, faithfully depicted. On all occasions, in all her trials and sufferings, she shows true Christian fortitude and patience, a truly virtuous woman, the vigilant guardian angel of her wayward and gambling husband. The volume will prove interesting and beneficial reading to all. Published by Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.

T. K., '01.

“Jack Hildreth on the Nile,” by M. A. Taggart. The fact that it is taken from K. May establishes at once its reputation. The book reflects the taste of an insatiable young adventurer, and tenders to the reader precisely what is requisite for a romance. Hildreth, commissioned to crush slave trade in Egypt, passes through a variety of adventures in which he displays wonderful cleverness of speech and adroitness of action. It is this pleasant poignancy, marking the foibles of individuals, and also exact delineation of character, which con-

stitute the merits of the book. The extensiveness of the original being greatly reduced lends it a resistless fascination. In style it is pure, easy, and occasionally energetic. The narrative is always amusing, noted for picturesque descriptions, flashing wit, and joyous humor, though tinged at times with cruelty. Such a book deserves warm recommendation to all who desire leisure reading. Benziger Bros. Price 85 cts.

M. K., '02.

SOCIETIES.

A. L. S.— “The Recognition,” a drama in four acts, was rendered by the members of the A. L. S., May the 13th. If ever this society achieved success it did so on this occasion. Their second public appearance of this scholastic year, together with the first one, has marked the society with prerogatives that will be the honor and joy of future members, whilst those who constitute it at present find in them an assurance of fame in their noble efforts. Thanks to the invincible patience of the Rev. Moderator, the play proved a brighter gem in the crown of glory for this society.

The play could not fail to make its mark, the plot being such as aptly addresses itself to human feeling and sympathy. Antonio, the son of Count Bartolo, is represented as kidnapped by the Duke of Spoleto, who designs him to fill the place of his own son, killed in battle by the prince of Macerata. In the meantime the Count searches everywhere

for his son, who was taken prisoner by his soldiers in a battle with the Duke. Antonio is again recognized by his father after many years of separation. Every sentence of the play causes sympathy for the Count, whereas the dastardly conduct of the Duke and his followers, justly merits hatred.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Duke of Spoleto.....	W. Flaherty
Riccardo, his Squire.....	L. Dabbelt.
Prince of Macerata.....	P. Hartman.
Count Bartolo.....	R. Goebel.
Antonio, his boy.....	V. Sibold.
Balthazar, Friend. of Antonio.....	A. McGill.
Stephano, Teacher of Antonio	G. Arnold.
Leonardo, a Soldier.....	P. Hartman.
Gratiano } Friends of Antonio....	{ A. Junk,
Lorenzo }	{ J. Naughton.
Giacomo, Squire to Bartolo.....	A. Hepp.
Fabiano, Governor of Montefalco.....	A. Kamm.
Reginald } Offrs. of Pr. of Macerata	{ H. Metzdorf.
Orlando }	{ E. Cook.
Paolo, a Jailer.....	J. Buchman.
Zucchi, a Blacksmith.....	F. Boeke.
Andrea, a Squire to the Duke.	H. Boos.
Marso, a Soldier.....	A. Roessner.
Pietro } Attendants to Bartolo....	{ J. Dabbelt.
Beppo }	{ C. Sibold.
Pacifico }	{ E. Lonsway.
Silvio, a Courier.....	C. Ellis.

Mr. Flaherty's appearance as Duke of Spoleto guaranteed ready response to all the requisites of the character. We owe a distinct praise to this gentleman. He depicted all the vicious inclinations of the Duke with such precision, as to deserve

well to be called a star actor. L. Dabbelt, in the person of Riccardo, evinced great calmness and selfpossession. His conduct made him extremely agreeable to the audience. He faithfully answered to the confidence placed in him, and gave another striking proof of what we may expect from him in the future.

Count Bartolo, impersonated by Mr. Goebel, was ably represented as father and as general. The gentleman possesses no mean ability as an actor. A better character than V. Sibold could never have been chosen to take the part of Antonio. Deserving of special mention are the following: Mr. Hartman, Mr. McGill, Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Kamm.

We extend our most heartfelt thanks and kind wishes to all the participants in this play, and hope to witness similar productions, which will redound to the honor of the society and to the praise of the Rev. Moderator.

C. L. S.—On Ascension day, May 24, the C. L. S. again appeared in public to show its efforts. They proved highly satisfactory to the audience. The program is as follows: Inaugural Address, D. Neuschwanger; Comic Oration, T. Kramer; Recitation, E. Hefeale; Debate: C. Mohr, aff., W. Arnold, neg.; Recitation, C. Van Flandern; Comic Recitation, H. Hoerstman; Dialogue, T. Kramer and H. Seiferle. Music between each delivery. The summary of criticism is contained in the one expression—up to date.

M. KOESTER, '02.

ATHLETICS.

The first game of the baseball season of 1900 was played on Sunday, May 6th. The game was interesting from the start to the finish. The features of the game were the batting of P. Wahl, Stoltz, and Kramer, and the pitching of Van Flandern. Wahl besides having four hits, made a fine running catch of Kanney's long fly in the second. Hoerstman at third made two difficult catches on the foul line, but his throwing to first was very erratic. Van Flandern pitched a masterly game, striking out eight men, and allowing but four hits during the five innings he pitched. Ley succeeded him in the sixth, after Van Flandern had won the game. The game opened with Van Flandern on the slab and Bellersen at the bat. Bellersen struck out. Didier the same. Stoltz reached first on Van's error. Schneider closed the inning by striking out. The St. Xaviers could do nothing until the fifth. Smith got to first on Hoerstman's error. Kanney was safe on a single to right. Then Bellersen singled scoring Smith and Kanney. St. Xavier's last run came in the eighth. Didier went out from pitcher to first. Stoltz got to first on an infield hit. Schneider struck out. Koenig hit for three bases, scoring Stoltz. Smith got his base on balls, but was put out a moment later in attempting to steal second. The St. Aquinos began business in the first inning. Arnold struck out. Welsh went out from Kramer to Rei-

neck. Eder singled to right, stole second, and came home on a passed ball. In the third Arnold got a double, and came home on a wild pitch. Two runs came in the fourth. Van Flandern was given his base on four wide ones. Hoerstman was safe at first, then Wahl singled scoring Van Flandern and Hoerstman. The St. Aquinos' scoring ended in the eighth. Wahl singled to right, and Sulzer to left. Theobald was unable to connect with the sphere. Ley hit safe, scoring Wahl and Sulzer. The summary is given below.

St. Aquino Hall.						St. Xavier Hall.					
	R	H	P	A	E		R	H	P	A	E
Arnold, 1 b	1	1	12	1	0	Bellersen, 2 b	0	1	2	2	2
Welsh, 2 b	1	2	2	2	1	Didier, c f	0	0	1	0	1
Eder, c	1	1	5	1	0	Stoltz, c	1	2	10	4	1
VanFlandern, p	1	0	2	3	1	Schneider, l f	0	1	0	0	1
Hoerstman, 3 b	2	0	2	2	1	Koenig, r f	0	1	0	0	1
Wahl, c f	1	4	1	0	0	Smith, 3 b	1	1	4	0	1
Sulzer, r f	2	3	1	0	0	Kanney, s s	1	1	0	2	0
Theobald, l f	0	0	0	0	1	Reineck, 1 b	0	1	7	0	2
Ley, s s & p	0	1	2	3	0	Kramer, p	1	2	0	3	0
Totals,	9	12	27	12	4	Totals,	4	10	24	11	9
St. Aquino Club, 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 2 x—9.											
St. Xavier Club, 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 1 0—4.											

Two-base hits, Stoltz, Welsh; three-base hits, Arnold, Koenig; home-run, Kramer. Bases on balls Kramer, 3; Van Flandern, 1; Ley, 2; Struck out, Kramer, 10; Van Flandern, 8; Ley, 5; passed balls Stoltz, 4; Eder, 2; sacrifice hits, Sulzer, Ley, Smith. Time of game—2: 00. Umpires, Werling and Monin.

The second game for the Inter-Hall championship was played on Sunday, May 13th. The game was close and exciting, and ended with the St. Xavier Club one to the good. Team work was de-

cidedly wanting in the St. Aquino Club, and to this fact, together with over-confidence, they can ascribe their defeat. With four runs behind, the St. Xavier Club came to bat in the eighth and tied the score. They won out in the ninth on Koenig's two-base hit, followed by Kanney's single scoring Koenig. The score:

St. Aquino Hall.							St. Xavier Hall.						
	R	H	P	A	E			R	H	P	A	E	
Arnold, 1 b	1	1	1	4	1	1	Bellersen, 2 b	1	2	7	1	1	
Braun, 2 b	2	0	2	2	2		Shaefer, 1 f	0	0	0	0	0	
Eder, c	2	2	3	2	0		Stoltz, c	1	1	9	1	2	
VanFlandern, s s	2	2	3	3	0		Smith, 3 b	1	1	2	0	0	
Hoerstman, 3 b	0	2	2	2	1		Koenig, r f	3	3	0	0	0	
Wahl, c f	2	3	0	0	0		Didier, c f	1	3	0	0	1	
Sulzer, 1 f	0	1	0	0	0		Kanney, s s	2	2	2	3	1	
Theobald, r f	0	0	0	0	0		Reineck, 1 b	1	1	6	4	0	
Ley, s s & p	1	2	3	3	2		Kramer, p	1	2	1	3	1	
Totals	10	13	27	13	6		Totals	11	15	27	12	6	
St. Aquino Club, 1 1 2 1 1 0 4 0 0—10.													
St. Xavier Club, 0 1 1 2 0 2 0 4 1—11.													

Two-base hits, Stoltz, Arnold, Sulzer, three-base hit, Stoltz, bases on balls, Kramer, 1; Ley, 1, Struck out by Ley, 3; by Kramer, 5; passed ball, Eder, 1; sacrifice hits, Arnold, Braun. Time of game, 2: 20. Umpires, Werling and Schneider.

On Sunday, May 20th, the St. Aquinos and St. Xaviers crossed bats for the third time this season. The work of members of the two teams was not up to the usual standard. Ley and Kramer pitched a fine game, but their support was ragged. Score by innings is as follows:

St. Aquino Club, 3 1 1 4 4 1 3 1 x—18.

St. Xavier Club, 2 4 2 1 0 0 0 2 1—12.

E. Wills, '03.

LOCALS.

Play ball! Ginger up, boys! Wake up down there on second—Hot baby on first—Never mind shortstop! Schaefer, look out for ditches! Zounds! lost the ball—I'm going to throw it anyhow—Safe all around!

The right man in the right place may accomplish great things.—Schaefer in the field and Schaefer in the box are two quite different things!

A short time ago some of the inmates of Collegeville were alarmed by the dread call of fire! Sixtus saw smoke ascending from the roof and logically concluded something must be on fire. The next moment his entire fire department was on a breakneck speed up the stairways. Having arrived on the scene of action it first struck his mind that connections had not been made on the hydrant below. Down went the captain with his 200 feet of hose and with a velocity increased threefold by the natural descent. The crowd that had gathered to fight the destructive element was animated with a desire of displaying its heroism, but what puzzled every one was, that in spite of the smoke constantly ascending, the fire could not be discovered. Finally Hubert arrived with broom and lantern,—probably with a view of throwing some light on the subject—but when after his most diligent search nothing could be found, it was signaled to Sixtus—*not dangerous*—and the firedepartment promptly withdrew. All this took place

while the incendiary was comfortably seated by a window on the second floor listening to the bewildering complaints of some sparrows whose snug little home he had set on fire.

What distinguishes the dangerous man from the humorist? McGill: "The one smiles when he is angry, the other looks glum when he is glad."

Some fellows never strike out, but they faint once in a while, "Yes, that's true too," says Mr. Donohue.

What is the object of the track team? H. Boos: "Why, I-I-I don't know; run in I guess."

"The darkest hour of my life was when I came home the other night and could not find any matches." H. Muehler.

Geo. Arnold advises every one to buy his thermometer in winter, because in summer they are much higher!

What do you think about that foot-ball picture? P. Wahl: "It's alright, but it ought to have a hair-cut."

It has not seldom been remarked that our present proprietor of the Collegeville Ersingnian Park does not tend to his business properly! What if your worthy predecessor should honor us with his presence at Commencement?

"Ed, how are you going to spend your vacation?" Ed: "Fishing. But what are *you* going to do?" Muehler: "I am going to hunt baits all summer, so there is chance of getting a good bite next fall."

Dicunt: Never put off for tomorrow what you can do today. Felix would have it thus: "Never

do today what you can put off until tomorrow, for then you might not have to do it."

A certain individual, undergoing a slow martyrdom under David's tonsorial operation some time ago, told his executioner: "Please call that done, I have made it a custom always to shave one side only." The barber stood incredulous at this declaration, but his doubts were quickly dispelled when the victim implored him to "spare at least his inside!" Ever since, people get shaved on one side only, whereas before, David maintained that he shaved them on both.

I. Rapp, '00.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, W. Arnold, H. Bernard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, L. Dabbelt, C. Fisher, H. Froning, R. Goebel, T. Hammes, P. Hartman, C. Hils, C. Hoffman, H. Hoerstman, A. Kamm, J. Lemper, E. Ley, E. Lonsway, A. McGill, J. Meyer, H. Metzdorf, H. Muhler, J. Mutch, J. Sanderell, M. Schumacher, J. Seitz, J. Steinbrunner, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, P. Welsh, E. Werling, E. Wills.

90-95 PER CENT.

H. Boos, J. Buchman, M. Donohue, C. Eder, C. Ellis, W. Flaherty, A. Hepp, J. Hildebrand, A. Junk, W. Keilman, J. Naughton, A. Roessner, C. Sibold, V. Sibold, G. Studer, J. Trentman, C. Van-Flandern, L. Wagner, P. Wahl.
